

CHRIST'S KIRK  
ON THE  
GREEN  
IN TWO  
CANTO'S.

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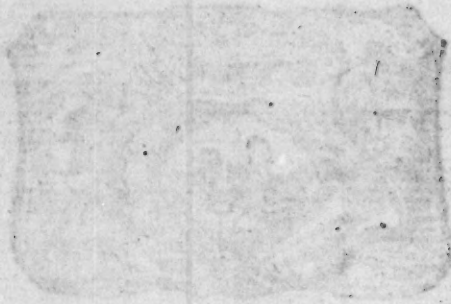
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GREEN

IN TWO

CANTOS.



EDWARD BEECHER

Printed by William A. ...  
the Author of ...  
... of ...

T O

S I R,



F these following  
merry Images  
contribute to your Di-  
version, and if you own  
them to be just, I shall

A 2

not

not trouble my self with  
 defending every little  
 Thing, the Chagreen may  
 alledge, to the Detriment  
 of what pleases both you  
 and,

S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Adver-



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**I** Own it to be Thirst after Glory  
that push'd my Muse on such a vast  
Performance of adding a Second Canto  
to this admirable Poem, which never  
own'd any other Author than a Scots  
Monarch: How I have acted my  
Part? if you'll take my Word for it,  
excellently, and, I hope, the World will  
agree

*agree with me after Two or Three Readings.*

Consider it werly; rede oftner than  
anys,

Wiel at anc Blenk fle Poetry not  
tanc is.

G. DOUGLAS.

*Wherefore I would intreat my gentle,  
&c. Readers to beware of rash Judge-  
ment, least mistaken Notions may make  
them speak disrespectfully of some  
beautiful Stanza, and be guilty of a  
Blunder, which once advanced, must be  
supported from a Principle of Pride,  
tho' a Man be secretly convinced of  
his Error.*

CHRIST'S

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ON THE  
GREEN.

---

*Canto First by King James the Fifth.*

---

WAS ne'er in Scotland heard nor seen  
such Dancing and Deray;  
Neither at Faulkland on the Green,  
nor Peebles at the Play,  
As was of Wooers as I ween  
at *Christ's Kirk* on a Day:  
For there came *Katie* washen clean  
with her new Gown of Gray,  
Full gay that Day.

To

To dance these Damofels them dight,  
 These Lasses light of Laits,  
 Their Gloves were of the Raffal right,  
 their Shoes were of the Straits;  
 Their Kirtles were of *Lincoln*-light,  
 well preft with many Plaits;  
 They were fo nice when Men they neigh'd  
 they squell'd like any Gaits,  
*Full loud that Day.*

Of all these Maidens mild as Mead,  
 was none fo gimp as *Gillie*,  
 As any Rose her Rude was red,  
 her Lire was like the Lillie,  
 But yellow yellow was her Head,  
 and ſhe of Love fo filly,  
 Though all her Kin had ſworn her dead  
 ſhe would have none but *Willie*  
*Alone that Day.*

She



She scorn'd *Jack*, and scripp'd at him;  
and murgeon'd him with Mocks;  
He would have lov'd her, she would not let him  
for all his yellow Locks.  
He cherisht her, she bade go chat him;  
she counted him not two Clocks:  
So shamefully his short *Jack* set him;  
his Legs were like two Rocks,  
Or *Rings* that Day!

*Tom Lutter* was their Minstrel meet;  
good Lord, how he could lance;  
He play'd so shril, and sang so sweet  
while *Tousie* took a Trance:  
Old *Lightfoot* there he could foreleet;  
and counterfitted *France*;  
He held him like a Man discreet,  
and up the *Morice* Dance  
He took that Day!

B

Then

Then *Stephen* came stepping in wth stends;  
 no rink might him arrest;  
*Splayfoot* did bob with many bends,  
 for *Masie* he made request,  
 He lap while he lay on his lends,  
 and rising was so preast,  
 While he did hoast at both the Ends  
 for Honour of the Feast,  
*And danc'd that Day.*

Then *Robin Roy* began to revel,  
 and *Tousie* to him drugged :  
 Let be, quoth *Jack*, and call'd him Jevil,  
 and by the Tail him rugged,  
 Then *Kensie* clicked to a Kevel,  
 God wots as they two lugged :  
 They parted there upon a Nevel,  
 Men say that Hair was rugged  
*Between them twa.*

With

With that a Friend of his cry'd fy,  
 and forth an Arrow drew :  
 He forged it so fiercely,  
 the Bow in flinders flew,  
 Such was the Grace of God, trow I,  
 for had the Tree been true;  
 Men said, who knew his Archery,  
 that he had slain anew,  
*Belyve that Day.*

A yap young Man that stood him neist,  
 soon bent his Bow in ire,  
 And etled the Bairn in at the Breast,  
 the Bolt flew ov'r the Bire :  
 And cry'd fy, he hath slain a Priest  
 a Mile beyond the Mire :  
 Both Bow and Bagg from him he kiest,  
 and fled as fast as Fire  
*From Flint that Day.*

'An hasty Kinsman called *Hary*,  
 that was an Archer keen,  
 Tyed up a Tackle withoutten tarry,  
 I trow the Man was teen :  
 I wot not whether his Hand did vary,  
 or his Foe was his Friend :  
 But he escap'd by the *Mights of Mary*,  
 as one that nothing mean'd  
*But good that Day.*

Then *Lawrie* like a Lion lap,  
 and soon a Flain could fedder :  
 He height to pierce him at the Pape,  
 thereon to wed a Wedder :  
 He hit him on the Wamb a wap,  
 it buff't like any Bladder.  
 He escaped so, such was his hap ;  
 his Doublet was of Leather.  
*Full fine that Day.*

The



The Buff so boisterously abaist him;  
that he to th' Earth dust down,  
The other Man for dead there left him;  
and fled out of the Town.

The Wives came forth, and up they reft him  
and found Life in the Lown;

Then with three routs they raised him  
and cur'd him out of fown,

*Fra Hand that Day.*

The Miller was of manly make,  
to meet him it was no Mowes:

There durst not Ten-some there him take  
so cowed he their Powes,

The Bushment whole about him brake  
and bickered him with Bows,

Then traiterously behind his Back,  
they hack'd him on the Howes

*Behind that Day.*

*Then*

Then *Hutchon* with a Hazel Rice  
 to red gan through them rummil:  
 He muddl'd them down like any Mice  
 He was no petty bummil,  
 Tho' he was wight, he was not wise,  
 with such jutors to jummil:  
 For from his Thumb there flew a Slice  
 while he cry'd barlafummil,  
*I'm slain this Day.*

When that he saw his Blood so red  
 to flee might no Man let him:  
 He trow'd it had been for old feed;  
 He thought and bade have at him,  
 He made his Feet defend his Head,  
 the far fairer it set him,  
 While he was past out of their Dread:  
 they must be swift that gat him  
*Through speed that Day.*

Two that were Headsmen of the Herd;

They rusht on other like Rams;

The other four which were unfear'd

beat on with Barrow Trams.

And where their Gobs they were ungear'd,

they gat upon the Gams,

While that all bloody was their Beards;

as they had worried Lambs,

*Most like that Day!*

They girn'd and glowrd all at anes;

each Gossip other grieved:

Some striked Stings, some gathered Stanes;

some fled, and some relieved.

The Minstrel used quiet Means;

that Day he wisely prievd,

For he came hame with unbruis'd Banes;

where Fighters were mischieved,

*Full ill that Day!*

**With**

With Forks and Flails they lent them Slaps,  
and flew together with Frigs:

With Bougres of Barns they pierc'd blue Caps  
and of their Bairns made Briggs:

The Rare-rose rudely with their Raps,  
then Rungs were laid on Riggs:

The Wives came forth with Cries and Claps,  
see where my Likeing ligs,

*Full low this Day.*

The black Souter of Braith was bowden,  
his Wife hang at his Waist:

His Body was in Black all browden,  
he girmed like a Ghaist,

Her glittering Hair was so gowden,  
her Love fast from him laist,

That for his Sake she was unyawden  
while he a Mile was chac'd

*And mair that Day.*

When



When they had beir'd like baited Bulls;  
 the Bone-fires burnt like Bails,  
 And then they grew as meek as Mules  
 That wearied are with Mails;  
 For those forfoughten tyred Fools  
 fell down like slaughtered Frails;  
 Fresh Men came in and hail'd the Dools;  
 and dang them down in Dails

*Bedeem that Day;*

The Wives then gave a hideous yell,  
 when all these Yonkiers yoked,  
 As fierce as Flags of Fire-flaughts fell,  
 Frieks to the Field they flocked,  
 The Carles with Clubs did others quell  
 on Breast while Blood outboaked,  
 So rudely rang the common Bell,  
 that all the Steeple rocked

*For Dread that Day;*

By this *Tom Tailor* was in his Gear,  
 when he heard the common Bell,  
 He said he should make all a Stear  
 when he came there himsell,  
 He went to fight with such a Fear  
 while to the Ground he fell,  
 A Wife that hat him on the Ear  
 with a great knocking Mell,  
*Fell'd him that Day.*

The Bridegroom brought a Pint of Ale,  
 and bade the Piper drink it,  
 Drink it quoth he, and it so Stale,  
 ashrew me if I think it.  
 The Bride her Maidens stood near by,  
 and said it was not blinked,  
 And *Bartagesie* the Bride so gay,  
 upon him fast she winked  
*Fall soon that Day.*

*When*

When all was done *Dick* with an Ax  
 came forth to fell a Fother,  
 Quoth he, where are you Whoreson Smaiks  
 rightnow that hurt my Brother ?  
 His Wife bade him go hame *Gib Glaiks*,  
 and so did *Meg* his Mother ;  
 He turn'd and gave them both their Paiks,  
 for he durst ding no other

*But them that Day.*

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*End of the First Canto.*

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*Canto Second by Allan Ramfay.*

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**B**UT there had been mair Blood and Skaith,  
fair Harship and great Spulzie,  
And mony a ane had gotten his Death  
by this unsonsie Tooly :

But that the bald Good-wife of *Braith*  
arm'd wi a great Kale Gully,  
Came Bellyflaught and loot an Aith  
she'd gar them a be hooly

*Fou fast that Day.*

Blyth



Blyth to win aff fae wi hale Banes,  
 tho' mony had clowr'd Pows,  
 And dragl'd fae 'mang Muck and Stanes  
 they look'd like wirry Kows:  
 Quoth some who 'maist had tint their Aynds,  
 Let's see how a Bowls rows,  
 And quat this Brouillement at anes,  
 yon Gully is nae Mows

*Forsooth this Day.*

Quoth *Hutchon*, I am well content,  
 I think we may do war,  
 Till this Time Toumond I'se indent  
 our Claiths of Dirt will sa'r:  
 Wi Nevels I'm amaisf fawn faint,  
 my Chafts are dung a char;  
 Then took his Bonnet, to the Bent  
 and dadded aff the Glar

*Fou clean that Day.*

*Tam*

**Tam Taylor** wha in Time of Battle  
 lay as gin some had fell'd him,  
**Gat** up now wi an unky Rattle,  
 as nane there durst a quell'd him;  
**Bald Bess** flew till him wi a Brattle,  
 and spite of his Teeth held him  
 Closs by the Craig, and with her fatal  
 Knife shoar'd she wou'd geld him  
*for Peace that Day;*

Syne a wi ae Consent shook Hands,  
 as they stood in a Ring;  
 Some redd their Hair, some set their Bands,  
 some did their Sark Tails wring;  
 Then for a Happ upo' the Sands  
 they did their Minstrel bring,  
 Where clever Houghs like Willi-wands  
 at ilky blythsome Spring  
*Lap, high that Day.*

*Cland*

*Claud Peki* was na very blate;  
 he stood na lang a dreigh;  
 For be the Wame he gripped *Kate*,  
 and gar'd her gee a Skreigh:  
 Had aff, quoth she, ye filthy *Slate*,  
 ye stink o' Leeks, O figh,  
 Let gae my Hands, I say, be quait,  
 and wow gin she was skeigh

*And mim that Day.*

Now settl'd Goffies sat, and keen  
 did for fresh Bickers birle,  
 While the young Swankies on the Green  
 took round a merry Tirlle :  
*Meg Wallet* wi her pinky Een  
 gart *Lawrie's* Heart-strings dirle,  
 And Folk wad threep that she did green  
 for that wad gar her Skirle

*And Skreigh some Day.*

The

The manly Miller haff and haff  
 came out to shaw good Will,  
 Flang by his Mittens and his Staff,  
 cry'd, Gee me *Pattie's* Mill :

He lap Bawk-high, and cry'd, Had aff,  
 they rus'd him that had Skill ;  
 He wad do't better, quoth a Caf,  
 had he another Gill

*Of Usquebae.*

Furth started niest a pensy Blade,  
 and out a Maiden took ;  
 They sayd that he was *Faulkland* bred,  
 and danced by the Book :  
 A souple Taylor to his Trade,  
 and when their Hands he shook,  
 Gae them what he gat frae his Dad,  
*Videlicet*, the Yuke

*To claw that Day.*

Whan



Whan a cry'd out he did sae well;  
 he Meg and Bess did call up;  
 The Lassies babb'd about the Reel;  
 gar'd a their Hurdies wallop,  
 And swat like Pownies whan they speel  
 up Braes, or when they gallop,  
 But a thrawn Knublock took his Heel,  
 and Wives had him to hawl up  
*Haff fell'd that Day.*

But mony a pauky Look and Tale  
 gae'd round whan Glouming hous'd them;  
 The Osler Wife brought ben good Ale,  
 and bade the Lassies rouze them;  
 Up wi them Lads, and I'll be Bail  
 they'l loo ye an ye touze them:  
 Quoth Gawssie, this will never fail  
 wi them that this gate woo's them

*On sick a Day.*

Syne Stools and Furms were drawn aside;  
 and up raise *Willy Dadle*,  
 'A short Hought Man, but fow o' Pride;  
 he said the Fidler play'd ill.  
 Let's hae the Pipes, quoth he, beside;  
 quoth a, that is nae said ill;  
 He fitted the Floor, syne wi the Bride  
 to *Cuttymun* and *Treeladle*.  
*Thick, thick that Day.*

In the mean Time in came the *Laird*;  
 and by some Right did claim  
 To Kifs and Dance wi *Masie Aird*,  
 a dink and dortie Dame.  
 But O poor *Mause* was aff her guard;  
 for Back-gate frae her Wame,  
 Beckin, she loot a fearfou Raid,  
 that gart her think great Shame,  
*and Blush that Day.*

*Auld*

Auld Steen led out Maggie Forsyth,  
 he was her ain Good-brither;  
 And ilky ane was unky blyth  
 to see auld Folk sae clever.  
 Quo Fock, wi laughing like to rive,  
 What think ye o my Mither?  
 Were my Dad dead, let me ne'er thrive  
 but she wad get anither  
 Goodman this Day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle Dish,  
 and betwixt ilky Tune  
 He laid his Lugs, in't like a Fish,  
 and suckt till it was done:  
 His Bags were liquor'd to his Wish,  
 his Face was like a Moon;  
 But he cou'd get nae Place to pish  
 in, but his ain twa Shoon  
 For Thrang that Day.

The *Later-gae* of Hally Rhime  
 sat up at the Boordhead,  
 And a he said was thought a Crime  
 to contradict indeed :  
 For in Clark Lear he was right prime,  
 and cou'd baith write and read,  
 He drank sae firm till ne'er a styme  
 he cou'd keek on a Bead  
*Or Book that Day.*

When he was Strute twa sturdy Chiels  
 be his Oxters and be's Coller,  
 Held up frae coupling o' the Creels  
 the liquid Logick Schollar.  
 When he came hame his Wife did Reel  
 and Rampaadge in her Choler,  
 With that he brake her spinning Wheel,  
 that cost a good Rix Dollar,  
*And mair some say.*

Near



Near Bed-time now ilk weary Wight  
 were gaunting for their Rest,  
 For some were like to tyne their Sight  
 wi Sleep and Drinking strest.  
 But others that were Stomach tight,  
 cry'd out, It was nae best  
 To leave a Supper that was dight,  
 to Brownies, or a Ghast

*To eat or Day,*

On whomelt Tubs lay twa lang Dails,  
 on them stood mony a Goan,  
 Some fill'd wi Brachen, some wi Kail,  
 and Milk heat frae the Loan.  
 Of Daintiths they had Routh and Wale,  
 of which they were right fon;  
 But naithing wad gae down but Ale  
 wi drunken Donald Don

*The Smith that Day.*

*Twice*

Twice aught Bannocks in a Heap;  
 and twa good Junts of Beef,  
 Wi hind and fore Spawl of a Sheep;  
 drew Whittles frae ilk Sheath:  
 Wi Gravie a their Beards did dreep,  
 they kempit wi their Teeth,  
 'A Kebbuck syne that 'maist cou'd creep;  
 its lane, pat on the Sheaf  
*In Stows that Day,*

The Bride was now laid in her Bed,  
 her left Leg Ho was flung;  
 And Geordie Gib was fidget glad,  
 because it hit Jean Gun:  
 She was his Jo, and aft had said,  
 Fy, Geordie, had your Tongue,  
 Ye's ne'er get me to be your Bride,  
 but chang'd her Mind when hung,  
*That very Day.*

*Gehee !*

[Tehee! quo' Touzie, whan she saw  
 the Cathel coming ben,  
 It pypin heat gae'd ronnd them a;  
 the Bride she made a fen,  
 To sit in Wyhecoat sae braw,  
 upon her nether End,  
 Her Lad like ony Cock did craw,  
 that meets a Clockin Hen,  
 And blyth were they?

[The Souter, Miller, Smith and Dick;  
 Lawrie and Hutchon bauld,

Carles that kept nae very strict  
 be Hours, tho' they were auld;  
 Nor cou'd they e're leave aff that Trick;  
 but whare good Ale was fald,  
 They drank a Night, e'ne tho' auld Nick  
 shou'd tempt their Wives to scald  
 [Them for't next Day]

Was

Was ne'er in *Scotland* heard or seen  
 sic Banquetting and Drinking,  
 Sic Revelling and Battles keen,  
 sic Dancing, and sic Jinkin;  
 And unko Wark that fell at e'ne,  
 whan Lassies were haff winkin,  
 They lost their Feet and baith their Een,  
 and Maidenheads gae'd linkin  
 Aff, a that Day.

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F I N I S

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